

The
HOPKINS ARMS



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PALMAM QUI
MERUIT PERAT

THE HOPKINS ARMS

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THE HOPKINS ARMS

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Editorials

THE FLOWER OF OUR LIFE

EACH hour draws us nearer to the day of commencement and soon we will be obliged to take new roads of life. Before we part we must not only look ahead but also behind, for strewed on the way lie leaves of learning that, when put together, will sprout into the bud of a flower. The day we part, this bud will begin to grow into a flower unfolding its petals and giving off its fragrance. Whether this flower will contain beauty or not will depend on us individually.

Some day when this bud has bloomed to its highest point, we will take this delicate flower and touch its velvet petals. While doing this our minds will drift back to those years when we were at Hopkins, to the time when this flower was only a bud.

Make your bud of life now. Make it beautiful and lasting, so that some day when you recall your days of youth, you will be able to say, "I did my best."

TRIBUTE TO WINTER

THIS paper would not be complete without saying a few words about the winter that has not retired. To me winter is one of the most wonderful seasons of the year. Haven't you often noticed how superb the world has looked after it has put on its robe of ermine? Haven't you often heard the mighty wind come rushing mournfully through the trees and

sending shivers down your spine? Haven't you often gone to school on a frosty morning and shouted, "Gee, but it's cold!" All these experiences and many others have been encountered by us all, and as they come around each year we feel more and more appreciative of Old Man Winter and his gifts. Yet each year when we must bid a reluctant farewell to Winter we do not say "Good-bye", but "Au revoir".

SLANG

ACCORDING to the Winston Dictionary "slang is popular but inelegant language." Since many people judge us by our speech, it behooves us to give this topic careful consideration. Perhaps there have been occasions, and doubtless there will be many more times, when we will want to put our best foot forward. If we use slang habitually we soon find it increasingly difficult to speak good English. Many of the slang phrases are discourteous and show lack of good breeding. Slangy words creep into our speech involuntarily. If we are speaking to a group of cultured people who do not indulge in slang we feel out of place. It is practically impossible for a person who uses slang to prevent pet words from slipping into class recitations, debating, speeches and other times when good English is to be preferred. A word to the wise is sufficient, they say.

Literary

THE ABANDONED FARM

"OH, deary me," sighed Mrs. Green as she saw her husband walking slowly and sadly up the well-worn foot-path that led to the barn.

"I just know old Jerry the workhorse is sick again, and we'll have to get the veterinary. Seems like everything is coming up now that takes the money. There's the roof leaking every time it rains. The garage needs fixing, since Abe backed the autymobeel inter the door. The

swamp needs draining,—and John isn't as strong as he used to be. Then we'll have to hire in Pete Garrison to do the spring plowing; he's strong as an ox, but—, oh well, it don't matter so much, anyhow. Old Doc Fleming has held off asking for the interest any more. He knows as well as me, that we can't pay it."

Her train of thought was interrupted by the entrance of her weary husband.

"I've just been down to Doc Flem-

ing's, and he says we'll have to get out by next week. That doesn't give us much time to say good-bye to the old place. This mornin' I was down by the brook in the pasture. There's a bit of green grass around the water, and the apple blossoms will be out soon. Oh, Sarah, I just can't seem to realize that we're going to be here only one week more."

The week dragged slowly on. Mrs. Green managed to get through her common, homely tasks somehow; but just the sight of the old kitchen hearth around which her children used to sit roasting chestnuts, or popping corn, made her heart ache. Putting the blue willow-ware dishes away in the cupboard, pumping the cool water from the well in the back yard, mopping the kitchen floor, all the tasks that had once seemed so tiresome, suddenly became very dear to her.

"It does seem kind of hard to leave this old place," she thought, "after living here so many years. You wouldn't think it'd be hard, me working from four in the morning 'til ten at night, raising six children and sending 'em to school. These young ones, they've got an opportunity to be something; but us old folks, John and me, might just as well—. Oh, what's the use of thinking about it. I must get to work."

The hardest part of all was packing. The most precious things, which they were to take with them, were packed together. They could not bear to sell the rest; so they gave them to the neighbors. After almost everything had gone, and the house was nearly empty, the old couple walked arm in arm through the bare halls up to the attic. This was the last place to dismantle, and then the house would be vacant. Both went over to an old trunk. In this trunk were the baby clothes of their first son who had died long before. The eyes of both were wet with tears as they gently took out the yellow and musty clothes.

"Oh, John," murmured Mrs. Green brokenly, "Do you remember how dear little Johnnie looked when he wore these clothes?"

"Yes," he answered, "I'll never forget."

Finally the day came for the old couple

to leave their home. Neither of them spoke much then, but as they slowly walked together down the path bordered with flowers, they knew that this would be the last time they would see the old home. One of their sons who had not forgotten his father and mother, had asked them to come and live with him in the city. But they could never be entirely happy again, for they had nothing left of their old home but memories.

The abandoned farm gradually fell into decay. Weeds grew in the footpath that led to the barn. Blueberry and blackberry bushes straggled over the once-fertile pasture. The garage that needed fixing was blown down by the wind which howled around it. The chicken-house was struck by lightning and lay there, a heap of blackened timbers. The apple trees still bore blossoms in the spring and apples in the fall, but no one gathered them save occasionally a hungry tramp. Even the piazza caved in, giving a drunken aspect to the old house. There the old house lay, nestling in its bed of trees and overgrown bushes.

The grandchildren of its former occupants rode by one day in their snappy sport roadster.

"Look there" one pointed out, "Just another old farm gone to its rest."

Miriam Russell '34.

LITHUANIAN WAR MUSEUM

ONE of the most interesting places which I have ever visited, is the Lithuanian War Museum at K—. Inside the main building one sees many statues, flags and other historical objects. The tower of the Museum, built in the form of the towers of historic Lithuanian castles, contains the Lithuanian Liberty Bell, presented to Lithuania by the United States.

What interested me most was the rose garden which surrounded the Museum. and was cared for by invalid soldiers. At one end of the garden there is a fountain with a statue of the old Lithuanian God, Kaukalis. At the opposite end of the garden is a simple monument of field stone built in the form of a cairn, in honor of the dead soldiers. The front of the monument shows a bronze tablet with a relief of a woman mourning. The monument is surmounted by a cross on

both sides of which are other old crosses, which deepen the sense of mourning; this end of the garden gives the impression of a national cemetery. In front of the monument is a stone altar made in the fashion of the old Lithuanian pagan altars. During the sunset ceremony for the dead soldiers, a fire is lighted on this altar.

The daily flag ceremonies are perhaps the most interesting features connected with the War Museum. Just at sunset, a trumpeter appears on the tower of the Museum and sounds a call. Far away, music is heard, coming ever clearer. The principal doors of the museum slowly open. Four invalid soldiers appear, playing a solemn march. They are followed by the guard of honor of ten invalid soldiers in uniform, carrying lances and leaning upon canes, who march to the monument for the dead and stand at attention. The leader commands: "Present arms!" Then the command is given to lower the flags. The band plays a specially written march, and slowly, solemnly, simultaneously, the three flags—the State Flag, the National Flag and that of the Order of the Lithuanian Knight—are lowered. Then comes the prayer for those who died in defense of Lithuania. The invalids take off their steel helmets and bend their heads in silent prayer, as the band plays softly.

Except for the sacred melody which grips the hearts of all beholders, absolute silence reigns. On the stone altar a fire gleams in the twilight, recalling the old pagan, sacred, never-dying fire, once found in every Lithuanian household. The prayer ended, the fire is extinguished. Then the National Anthem is played while the soldiers slowly return to the museum. The great doors close, the music grows softer and softer, and dies away.

The ceremony is ended; the twilight has deepened; but the people watching remain standing a while, as if loath to break the spell which the beautiful ceremony, the rose garden with its cairn and crosses, and the twilight, have cast upon them.

Toney Tenanes '32.

ON MT. HOLYOKE

ONCE again I was fortunate enough to see the sunrise from Mt. Holyoke. I had passed the night in South Hadley

and in the morning set out at an early hour for the walk to the mountain.

I knew the way well and left the road where it goes through the gap in the ridge to make my way up the steep side, once called "Devil's Kitchen." After a hard climb I reached the top and walked along the crest of the ridge to a place where a good view up the valley could be obtained.

Although the sun had not yet risen, the first rays of dawn were touching the sky in the east with beauty. Soon they lit up the Pelham hills and Mt. Lincoln, but the valley was hidden under a bank of fog. Slowly that cloud of fog was pushed back under the warm rays of the sun, until, at the north, Mt. Toby could be seen, and a little later, the Hoosic Mountains.

As the sun came up over the ridge at the east, the cloud of fog drifted back, leaving the whole valley bathed in the warm light of the summer morning. There was quaint Old Hadley with its memories of early settlements. There was Amherst too, perched on its hill with the tower of the old chapel at its peak.

Just below, almost at my feet stretched the green fields, dotted with farmhouses. What a wonderful sight! It was a memory ever to be cherished.

Lucy Zaskey '34.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Diaries of Portia and Antonio
Antonio

Jan.—I am feeling sad today, I know not why. Salavino and Salanio wondered if my ships were causing my anxiety; then when they found that was not the trouble, they asked me if I was in love. How ridiculous they can be at times!

Jan.—Bassanio wanted to borrow money from me today—three thousand ducats. I lent it to him. Then Shylock, the old Jew, and Bassanio drew up the bond. It is thus:

If I cannot pay him at the end of three months, Shylock will take a pound of my flesh.

It is rather a hard forfeiture, but I can pledge it for Bassanio; he informed me today, that he is a suitor of Portia's.

Portia

Jan.—I am having a wretched time with these suitors. Oh, if father had not left such a will! I would rather be

poor and select my own husband, than be wealthy and have to take the one that chooses the right casket. I have had one suitor whom I really like; that is Bassanio.

Antonio

Jan.—Bassanio has at last left for Portia's. I hope he will be successful in choosing.

Jan.—I read this morning that Jessica, Shylock's daughter, has eloped with Lorenzo. She took all his jewels and ducats, and I dare say he misses them more than he does his daughter.

Portia

Feb.—The Prince of Arragon chose today. He chose the silver casket and was wrong. I cannot say I am sorry. I have heard Bassanio comes; so I must go to meet him.

Feb.—Bassanio has chosen and won! I am so happy I cannot express it.

Feb.—Antonio's ships have been wrecked. He is a great friend of Bassanio's and there is some mysterious connection between them.

Antonio

Feb.—My ships are wrecked! I am ruined. All my money is gone! I can never meet the bond. Oh, what shall I do?

Mar.—I am going to court today because I cannot meet the bond. All is lost. Nothing can save me now.

Portia

Mar.—Nerissa and I have the most wonderful plan. Today is the trial of Antonio. Nerissa and I are going as the lawyer and his clerk. I think I have enough evidence to win for Antonio.

Mar.—Antonio is free! He is safe. Bassanio is overjoyed and so am I. I told Shylock to take the flesh but not to shed one drop of blood. He was bewildered, but at last offered to take the ducats instead.

Nerissa and I begged Gratiano's and Bassanio's rings for our pay. When we returned they couldn't understand our

having the rings. It was very amusing to see them.

Eleanor Sanders '34.

SPRING

SPRING holds a different meaning for each and every one of us.

To the poet it means more ideas for his verses, more budding trees, babbling brooks, running sap, and the return of the birds. To the average youngster it means marbles, baseball, fishing, and hookey; while to his sophisticated sister it suggests proms, parties, new dresses, Easter bonnets, and moonlight nights.

The farmer finds that spring means getting back into his harness after a long winter of leisure. It means toil from morn till night until winter again gives him time for rest. His busy wife heeds the call and transplants her pet flowers and shakes out the winter's dust and dirt.

When spring hits the business man, it makes the wearing tailored suits and stiff collars a tedious task. A longing for the great outdoors seizes him as he bends over columns of figures, but the out-doors must be forgotten until his work is done and he and his Ford go traveling.

The college boy begs Dad for a few more "coppers" as spring rounds the corner; he longs for a little roadster and some new sport togs. But this collegiate must bear in mind that spring also brings final exams.

The vagabond welcomes spring, perhaps more than any one else, for spring offers him an open road, a place to rest, and the joy of watching his fellow-men work.

Our local haberdasher replaces his winter flannels with jazzy silks, ski suits with bathing suit and hopes that spring will bring him more trade than the past winter did.

But after we have discussed its joys and its sorrows, we all agree that spring is just great.

Katherine Dwyer '34.

THE senior class of Hopkins Academy has chosen for its senior play, "Tiger House", a mystery comedy in three acts by Robert St. Clair. Special arrangements to produce the play have been made with the publishers, the Northwest-

ern Press. The students are hard at work on the play under the direction of Miss Lorena Scott of the faculty. It will be presented in the latter part of May. Be sure to buy your tickets early and invite your friends.

Book Reviews

BASQUE PEOPLE

"BASQUE People" is a collection of stories about Basque men and women written by Dorothy Canfield. There is a saying that no one knows what a man is unless he has lived with him. First hand experience has helped—Dorothy Canfield in writing this book. It was during the war that her relief work took her into the Basque country for a year's residence. This book shows the Basque people as strong, vital, reserved, deeply-rooted race, with a strikingly original outlook on life. If you like a mystery, or a tragedy I recommend this book to you.

Marion Bak '32.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

MARY Waller in her book "Deep in the Hearts of Men" shows remarkable understanding of the attitude of people toward each other. She brings out ideas about fatherhood and motherhood which we often neglect to think much about or appreciate. This story begins in a beautiful industrial New Hampshire village and ends in a mining district out West. The narrative deals with colorful characters. The hospitality of the Western people is vividly brought out. "Deep in the Hearts of Men" is not a cut-and-dried story, but is full of realistic and human ideas.

Edward Mokrzecki '32.

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE

IF a story of romance and adventure appeals to you, try "The Glorious Adventure" by Richard Halliburton. The author retraces Odysseus' journey from the fields of Troy, back to Ithaca, and has many humorous and thrilling experiences. Halliburton swims the Hellespont as did Leander and Lord Byron, but he is the only man ever to swim the Hellespont on a can of sardines.

Katherine Dwyer '34.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"A Marine Tells It To You" is a story of war and peace around the world, out of the life of Frederick May Wise. He entered the United States Marine Corps, a Second Lieutenant in 1899 and retired a Colonel in 1926 with many high honors

and medals from all foreign countries. The author tells the story of men as he commanded them in every phase of a soldier's life, in barracks, on shipboard, in training camp, on the march, in billets and in action.

Catherine L. Nycz '32.

QUO VADIS

A thick, unillustrated copy of "Quo Vadis" with the inscription "From the time of Nero" on the title page, isn't apt to induce one to spend hours reading it. Nevertheless it is an unusually absorbing book about people that lived almost two thousand years ago. Quo Vadis includes a wide range of people from various classes. The characters are true to life and well developed. Mr. Henry Sienkiewicz, the author, holds the reader's interest by relating many adventures in a vivid fashion. The burning of Rome and the torturing of the Christians is exceedingly well described. Quo Vadis is more than worth the time and effort that is used in reading it.

Janina Czajkowski '32.

SOWING GLORY

WHO has not felt the fascination of a cheerful and laughing group around a campfire, engaged in some joking or buffoonery? Such a vein characterizes "Sowing Glory", the memoirs of Mary Ambree, an English woman legionary who served for five years in the French Foreign Legion to save the hero of her childhood days from ruin. The book brings forth the actual adventures, memories, tales and the dramatic personal life of her soldier comrades. Percival C. Wren, the author, has also achieved world-wide fame as a novelist of the Sahara Desert.

Katherine Jakubek '32.

ACTURUS ADVENTURE

IN the "Arcturus Adventure" by William Beebe, the exciting adventures under the ocean are so realistic that the reader glances around him once in a while to see if any twelve-foot sharks are lurking in the dull, grey waters of imagination. Imagine swimming in waters in which the bottom is at least two or three miles below the surface! The description of this incident leaves one with the rolling feeling which comes from the waves.

Thomas Roberts '32.

Poetry

GETTING READY FOR THE LATIN PLAY

"Will you help me into my costume?"
 "Look out! You're crushing my crown!"
 "My head band won't stay straight."
 "There, I've knocked the whole box down!"

"Yes, I've seen it lying somewhere."
 "Do I look like a shepherdess?"
 "Give somebody else a chance to speak."
 "May I use the mirror next?"

"Will you drape me now, Miss Cook?"
 "Hand me some more foot-gears."
 "Which earrings would you wear
 If you had my elephant ears?"

"You have a cute beard, King Minos,
 It looks natural as can be.
 What sort of glue did you use?
 It looked like shellac to me."

"My tunic is longer than I am;

I hope I won't trip myself."
 "Now where are my bobby pins?
 They ought to be here on the shelf."
 "Goodness! I'm only half dressed."
 "Did you memorize the song?"
 "Oh how I pity the poor Greeks,
 Who had to dress so long!"

Agnes Moczuleski '34.

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS

The robins sang a song of cheer
 Upon the blooming boughs.
 The pussy-willows by the brook
 Had ceased their purring and meows.
 Jack-in-the-pulpit did not preach;
 Dandelions did not roar;
 The cowslips stopped their bellowing,
 And tiger lilies growled no more.
 The tulips did not whisper,
 As if they'd used up all the words.
 And all the world in silence lay,
 To listen to the birds.

Agnes Moczuleski '34.

Exchanges

O, Dot, where are you?
 Sh - - - - right here Sidney.
 What's the big silence all about Dottie?
 I'm supposed to be making up the Math
 I missed, but I came across some of these ex-
 changes and they are great. Sh - - - - Sit
 down and don't make too much noise turning
 the pages and I'll show you.

Dot you're always up to something. I'm
 going to be good and go up to my desk and
 study. Come on, you had better come too.

Listen Sidney—look at this one. It is the
Arms Student from Arms Academy. Just
 look at those nifty photos.

By the way, Dot, I guess I will stay after
 all. Say they are certainly a good looking
 group.

There are also some snappy stories in this
 issue. Look! here are some others. The
Salemica from New Salem. This article on
 "Washington" surely looks interesting and
 just read these original jokes!

Dot have you seen the *Lasell Leaves*?
 They have the cleverest poems in it and their
 "Alumni News" is well written up.

Here is *The Oracle* from Manchester High.
 Their "Memories" are fine. Read them Sid-
 ney. You'll like them.

Say they are original. Here Dot. Read
The Purple and White Echo from Smith
 Academy. Their literary department shows
 a lot of work.

Here's *The Graphic* from Amherst High.
 Say, Sidney. They're surely toeing the mark
 in Athletics.

Dot! Let's come down here again at 2:30
 and read them all. They're too good to be
 neglected. See! here's *The Commerce* from
 Springfield High, *The Deerfield Scroll* from
 Deerfield, Mass., *The Signboard* from
 Springfield, Bay Path Institute, and *Orange*
Pearly from Orange, Mass.

bell. Au revoir until 2:30.

I'm with you Dot. Well there goes the

The Scrap Book

WHAT?—Junior Christmas Social.

When?—December 18, 1931.

Where?—Hopkins Gym.

Decorations?—The color scheme was red and green, giving everyone the real Christmas spirit. The lights were covered with red crepe paper, with streamers running through the hall. The side walls were decorated with hemlock boughs and red bows.

Program?—The class presented two plays, the first was "The Christmas Party". The members of the class that were in it are as follows: Esther Searle, Cedric Gouger, Helen Wiater, Francis Marcinkowski, Mary Wanczyk, Katherine Russell, Felicia Poklewski, Louise Dec and Lucy Surgen. Ruth Hurd '30 assisted the class. The other play, "Uncle Mel's Christmas", was presented by the following Juniors: Chester Kulikowski, Nellie Okolo, Edward Pekala, Michael Dec, Katherine Roberts, Anna Wanat and Rose Zuchowski. Dancing followed with Jud Gouger's orchestra furnishing the music.

Good time?—Great!

THE Seniors added another successful social function to their long list when they had their Senior Hop December 26. The gymnasium, which had on its Christmas colors, helped make things look Christmasy. It was a real gala occasion for the holidays. Bob Miller's orchestra syncopated.

THE Sisters of the Skillet (4-H Supper Club) were quite active this past winter, preparing and serving suppers to the members of the boys' basket-ball team. The boys were not the only ones who benefited by this, for the experience that this work gave the girls, did them a great deal of good. The members of the club are: Marion Bak, Katherine Jakubek, Helen Superson, Nellie Okolo, Helen Wiater, Felicia Poklewski, Katherine Dwyer, Honora Moriarty, and Margaret Coffey. The club is under the direction of Miss Hoskins.

THE debating policy here at Hopkins Academy encourages every member in the three upper classes to participate.

Each pupil takes part in an English class debate. Class teams then present debates before the school. One school team consisting of Rita Pelissier, John Russell and Anthony Tenanes, lost to the Northampton team on the Philippine Question. The other team made up of Cedric Gouger, Edmond Keyes, and Mary Wanczyk was defeated by Amherst High School. They debated on the Installment Plan.

Although Hopkins was defeated in both debates their students revealed excellent training. Mrs. Reed and Miss Scott of the faculty had charge of the debating teams and expressed satisfaction over the fine spirit displayed by all.

THE Latin Classes have worked up a play consisting of four acts under the direction of Miss Cook. It is called "Theseus and the Minotaur". The play is given both in Latin and in English. The costumes, most of which were made by the participants, are Greek. The play has been successfully presented before the Hopkins student body, Northampton School for Girls, Burnham School, and at the President's House, Amherst College. It will be repeated before the Hadley D. A. R. in the near future. The money goes into the Sophomore Class Treasury. The cast is as follows: Theseus, a Greek hero,—Nellie Okolo; Minos, king of Crete—Honora Moriarty; Ariadne, daughter of Minos—Miriam Russell; Ariadne's servant—Lucy Zaskey; Leader of Soldiers—Raymond Smart; Soldier—Edward Matusko; the citizens—Anna Bemben, Carl Pekala, Katherine Dwyer, Marion Farrell, Nellie Banas, Eleanor Sanders, Nellie Czajkowski, Agnes Moczuleski and William Gansis. Miss Cook and the cast are to be congratulated upon their fine work.

CAPTAIN Irving Johnson addressed the Hopkins assembly in March, telling of his voyage last summer on the sailing vessel, "The Wanderbird". He told about his stop at Italy, France and England. His gripping account of exciting experiences and incidents both on sea and land

thrilled us all. Captain Johnson told his experiences in such a vivid manner that it seemed as though we had shared the voyage with him.

A very interesting demonstration and talk on flowers and plants was given by P. Wezel, head gardener at Smith College. He brought with him many plants, cut flowers, and pictures to illustrate his talk. He showed plants as they naturally grew many years ago and the same plants of today after being improved by selected breeding. He told of methods used in developing plants and flowers, and of the change of environment on plants. Mr. Wezel proved to have a wide knowledge of his subject.

ON the morning of April 6, we were able to see a genuine jungle moving picture. Mr. Richard Nelson, the photographer, lectured during the picture. The cities and jungle of Central America were of central interest. The homes, foods, customs, and the people of this land were shown. The native animals were skillfully photographed in rare poses. All who attended spent a pleasant and educational hour and a half.

AFTER considerable persuasion by Mr. Reed, Mr. Ezra Shaw of Plainville, consented to speak before the Hopkins assembly. At 1:30 P. M., we were all gathered in the gym to hear of his experiences of fighting fires as a forest ranger in Montana. He related how at one time he was on a train with the forest afire on both sides of the track. He classified the various types of forest fires as surface, ground, and crown fires; the crown fire being the most dangerous of the three. He explained the causes and destructiveness caused by these fires, and the methods of extinguishing them. He also told of his experiences with forest fire-fighting crews, and of the willingness of the men to fight to the finish. He told of how the animals forget their enmity when in danger, and flee side by side for safety. He also related that the heat

was so intense that the streams and lakes became heated and killed the fish. His talk was very instructive.

MR. William Orr spoke at Hopkins on the afternoon of April 14. Mr Orr was the Principal of Hopkins Academy about fifty years ago. Since then he has gone far in the educational field. He has retired and is living at his home in Pelham.

In his speech he contrasted the Academy of fifty years ago with the present one. In an interesting way, he also recounted the early history of Hopkins. Mr. Orr told of the conditions in Poland after the war when he went there in charge of the Y. M. C. A. educational work.

ON the evening of April 18, the Astronomy class, Mrs. Reed and Miss Keefe visited the Amherst College Observatory. The twenty astronomers viewed Venus, Jupiter and its satellites, and the Moon through the telescope. The attendant showed them the various interesting astronomical apparatus. The party then assembled at the home of Mrs. Reed where refreshments were served.

DR. Wakefield addressed the students and faculty of Hopkins Academy and Russell School. He told of the State's work in trying to help the younger generation to fight the tuberculosis germs. He compared the work of the human body to that of a machine. He told of the important part food, rest, fresh air, sunshine and exercise play in our body. Dr. Wakefield spoke in such an interesting fashion with humorous incidents throughout that we wished his talk had been longer.

DR. William Leonard of Hadley gave a most interesting lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, on his native state, Minnesota, before the school on the afternoon of April 21. Dr. Leonard told of the early history of Minnesota and gave us many ideas relative to the state, its size, its topography and industries that we knew little about. His interesting address was both profitable and enjoyable.

Are you reading your **own** copy of the Hopkins Arms or did you borrow your neighbor's again?

The biggest social event of the year—The Junior Prom—May 13. Are you going?

Athletics

The boys enjoyed a fine basketball season. They made an excellent record in the Hampshire League, won from a number of strong teams not in the league and then did well in the State College tournament.

Graduation took Sam Wentzel, Joe Martula, Rog. Barstow, Stan. Niksa, Charles Kulikowski and Phil Reed of the crack 1931 outfit. Mr. Leon Stanisiewski, teacher of science and a former star performer at the State college, coached the team. Captain Tony Tenanes, Mike Bemben, Johnny Bemben and Tom Roberts of the 1931 team were on hand. Mike Pekala, Frank Bloyder, John Ry-tuba, Tony Baj and Edward Mokrzecki showed promise from the start of the season. Mike Pekala soon showed that he was what was needed at center. Johnny and Mike Bemben were the regular forwards and Tom and Tony were the guards. After the season was over we could look back on a record that is a credit to the boys and to Coach Stanisiewski. The team under the capable and skillful guidance of the coach, developed a defense which every team we met found difficult to penetrate. There was no Sam Wentzel to set the pace in scoring but our offensive work continued to improve. In fact the team play gradually improved with each game and the last of the season found us rated as one of the most respected teams in the region.

There were a number of high spots during the winter. Our first game with our friendly rivals at St. Michael's High School was won in the final minute when Johnny Bemben dropped in a long shot to put us ahead 17 to 16. Both games with the League champions, Deerfield high school, were great contests. We lost both by close scores, but were in the game all of the time. As usual our two contests with our Amherst neighbors were games which were close and full of excitement and fine basket ball by both teams. We were the lucky ones this year winning the home game by three points and the game in Amherst by a single point. One of our most exciting

games of the winter was the Smith academy game here which was won by our ancient rivals by a point, the winning basket being made in the last ten seconds of play. Twice during the season we journeyed to the new state college physical education building where as usual we were given a fine evening.

We won from the Stockbridge School and also were victorious over the college freshmen. The last game of the year was the tournament game. We drew Williamstown high school, the team which proved to be the best in the tournament. Our boys gave them the hardest game they had. With but a few minutes remaining they led us by four points. Even without our best scorer, Johnny Bemben who was lost to us by the personal foul route in the third quarter, we forced the crack team from the Berkshires to play at top speed to finally win by seven points. In the next two games the Williamstown team electrified the crowds of over three thousand with an attack which seemed able to make baskets at will. Men who knew basketball gave the Hopkins team much credit for the manner in which their man-to-man defense had checked the well-timed and clever attack of the Williamstown quintet on the first night. There was little doubt but that the Hopkins team was the strongest defensively of the eight teams that played in the tournament. The boys and Coach Stanisiewski came in for much well deserved praise.

Captain Tony Tenanes was a hard-working, aggressive leader who gave everything he had for the team. He also won individual honors, for he was selected by some coaches for the All-Hampshire guard and for guard on the tournament second team. Johnny and Mike Bemben were a fast pair of forwards, strong in all departments of play. Mike Pekala played some fine basketball during the year. His work in the tournament game was a revelation to those who had not seen him play since the beginning of the year. There were few better guards anywhere than Tom Roberts, John

Rytuba, Eddie Mokrzecki, Frank Bloyder, Tony Baj, Pete Pekala, Steve Mushenski and John Punska saw some service and did well. Cedric Gouger as manager and his able assistant, John Callahan, performed the many and varied tasks in a manner which the coach and boys appreciated greatly. Mr. Brown's excellent system for looking after equipment and supplies was a great help to everyone. The season's record follows:

Hopkins 27, New Salem 14
 Hopkins 25, Monson High School 7
 Hopkins 22, Alumni 30
 Hopkins 17, St. Michael's 16
 Hopkins 17, Deerfield high school 29
 Hopkins 17, Arms Academy 21
 Hopkins 13, Williston Academy 17
 Hopkins 8, Stockbridge School 6
 Hopkins 17, Amherst high school 14
 Hopkins 15, St. Michael's 27
 Hopkins 12, Smith Academy 16
 Hopkins 24, Smith's School 21
 Hopkins 23, Smith Academy 24
 Hopkins 12, Arms Academy 25
 Hopkins 12, Deerfield high school 19
 Hopkins 14, Smith's School 7
 Hopkins 18, M. S. C. Freshmen 12
 Hopkins 21, Amherst high school 20
 Hopkins 15, Williamstown high school 22

The girls, too, had a fine team. As many of the teams which the girls play are using the girls' rules, it was decided to try out girls' rules this year. It took some time to get readjusted to the new type of play but once the girls learned the new game they proceeded to chalk up victory after victory. The first game was with the Alumni which was won by the school girls. Then followed four defeats while the girls were finding themselves in the new type of play. The girls, led by their capable coach, made a study of the new game and gradually made changes until they were playing the game as though they had known it for years. Two teams which defeated the Hopkins girls early in the season were later defeated by Hopkins, a proof that Miss Keefe and her athletic maidens were able to adapt themselves to the new game. It is a new game, too, as compared to the game as played by boys' rules. It was soon evident that the new rules give every advantage to the forwards and scoring center and make the playing of

the guard position and guard center the most difficult. Guards can do little but manouver to obtain the ball from their opponents and then get it to their scoring players. The guards and jumping center can not score. They can not even shoot their own foul shots. The rules against over-guarding are also all in favor of the scoring players. This enables forwards to score heavily and often results in guards leaving the game by the personal foul route. On the whole the girls liked the new rules as an improvement in some respect over the boys' rules. That they are entirely satisfactory no one at all acquainted with the athletic games would admit.

Miss Keefe soon saw that a well balanced team must have a guard who can get the ball off the back board and another guard who is skillful in intercepting passes and fast in floor work. She accordingly converted one of her best scorers, Anna Baj, the captain, into a guard. It seemed too bad to have to take a high scoring forward and put her where she would not be able to score. But this was one of the reasons for the remarkable success of the girls from this time on. Anna, always a fine team player, cooperated nicely with Miss Keefe. The Wiater sisters, both fine shooters and clever floor workers made a great pair in the forward court. Anna Martula was just the dependable guard necessary to team up with the captain. She was the manager too, and her coach spoke of her as "Manager par excellence". In Catherine Roberts the team had a scoring center who continually outjumped centers much taller than herself. Her skill in handling the ball was a feature. Felcia Poklewski, Catherine Jakubek, Tofie Mokrzecki, Marion Bak, Mary Wanczyk, Stella Wojtowicz, and Statia Zygmunt saw much service and fitted in nicely whenever needed. The final game of the season was played at South Hadley Falls and proved that the girls under Miss Keefe's skillful coaching had improved greatly. Earlier in the season the South Hadley girls had defeated our girls on our own floor by a score of 36 to 20. In the final game the Hopkins lassies were victorious 44 to 34. As this was South Hadley's only defeat of the season, Miss Keefe and the girls well deserved the many fine things

said about their play.

It was an enjoyable season with excellent spirit shown at all times. The two games with Chester were especially enjoyable. The Chester girls were coached by Miss Dorothy McQueston, Hopkins '26, who after graduating from Brown university, accepted a teaching position at Chester. One enjoyable feature was the making of new friendships with the fine girls of the other institutions. Miss Hoskins ably assisted Miss Keefe and Anna Reardon proved a real capable assistant manager. The season's record:

Hopkins 26, Alumni 17
 Hopkins 25, Dickinson Nurses 38
 Hopkins 16, Deerfield high school 20
 Hopkins 20, So. Hadley Falls high school 36
 Hopkins 28, Dickinson Nurses 37
 Hopkins 24, Deerfield high school 18
 Hopkins 20, Smith Academy 19
 Hopkins 32, Chester high school 22
 Hopkins 29, Smith Academy 23
 Hopkins 29, Chester high school 15
 Hopkins 44, So. Hadley Falls high school 34

Jokes

Youth: "After we're married I'm afraid you're going to find out that I'm not as rich as you think I am."

The Girl: "That's all right. You're going to find out that I'm not really as beautiful as you think I am."

Little Dorothy was going to have her first birthday party, the occasion being her fifth birthday.

"Dear," said her mother, "I'm going to let you invite anyone you want."

"Then I'll ask Uncle Bob, Mr. Preston, grandfather, and —."

"Wait a minute," cried her mother, "these are all elderly folks."

"Well," sighed the tot, "they seem to have the most money!"

Diner: "Do you serve crabs, here?"

Waiter: "Certainly, we serve anyone; sit down."

"Marriage," said the philosopher, "is like a railroad sign. When you see a pretty girl you stop; then you look, and after you're married you listen!"

"It is the duty of everyone to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday school teacher. "Have you done so, Freddy?"

"Yes," said Freddy promptly.

"That's right, what did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt and she was happy when I went home."

Defendant: "But your Honor, I am a college boy."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

Mike: "I am firmly convinced that man is made of mere dust."

John: "The girls seem to think it's gold dust."

Frenchman: "In France one can plant a grape seed one day and have good grapes to eat the next day."

Irishman: "That's nothing. In Oirland a farmer los' a sphike one dhay in the fields, an' begorra next dhay he foun' it had grown into a crowbar!"

Miss Scott (in English): "What is personality?"

Junior Girl: "It's that something that keeps you from looking the way you feel when stepping out of an Austin to play miniature golf."

"I am sorry," said the dentist, "but I have eighteen cavities to fill. You cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

Mr. Brown: "What do you understand by the word 'deficit' Johnny?"

John Bemben: "It's what you've got when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothing."

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Connolly: "I've added those figures ten times."

Mr. Stanisiewski: "Good boy."

Connolly: "And here's the ten answers."

She: "Would you put yourself out for me?"

He: "Certainly."

She: "Then close the door as you pass out."

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Doctor: "Have you any idea how your wife caught this terrible cold?"

Husband: "I think it was on account of her coat."

Doctor: "Too thin, eh?"

Husband: "No; it was last winter's one, and she wouldn't wear it."

John Jones struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank. There was. Age twenty-one.

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Toney: "What is your idea of a clever woman; one who can see the point of a joke?"

Tom: "No, a woman who can laugh at a joke without seeing the point."

On poor Johnny Kerr

Fasten tight the casket lid;

He didn't think at 70 per

His car would ever skid.

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